

EXCELSIOR
SONGS AND POEMS

BY

ROBERT SINNICKSON.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, AND FOR SALE BY
ALPAUGH & THOMPSON,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

No. 33 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A

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\$5 per hundred; \$40 per thousand. By mail: single copies,
12 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00.

Copyrighted by the Author, at Washington, D. C., April 26, 1880.

Now, that mine enemy has writ a book—
Methinks I hear some carping critic say,
Who from the "Moonly Voice" his umbrage took—
I'll have my sweet revenge—I'll block his way.
Lay on, MacGruff! and let the PEOPLE judge,
Who is the rough, in settling this old grudge.

TRENTON, N. J.:

WILLIAM S. SHARP, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER.

1880.

A PAGE TO SPARE.

Air:—"Woodman, Spare That Tree."

Reader, spare this page!

Our "thirty-two" would not
Contain our musings sage,
And *forty* you have got.

Aye, even FORTY-TWO,

With our PROSPECTUS RARE;
And, as it is not due,
You'll have *this page to spare*.

Let's see:—twice three times seven—

At our *third birth*, our age:

This makes us, now, *eleven*,

Which was our *second* stage.

Our *physical* came first.

(Of course! Who don't know that?)

Then, *mental*. (That's the worst,

Protruding through "THE HAT.")

Third, PSYCHAL comes to front.

(Had better stayed in rear.)

And it must bear the brunt

Of Earth-life's *homeless "cheer":*—

Unless MILLENNIAL MORN—

Conceived in realm above—

Shall IN OUR DAY BE BORN,

To *found* a HOME for LOVE.

Those who from LOVE-WORLD come,

To Earth-sphere's loveless plane,

Are homeless doomed to roam,

Until called back again.

Whoe'er would learn the ways

Of LOVE's harmonious sphere,

Should listen to the lays

Of THOSE WHOM SHE SENDS HERE.

Trenton, N. J., U. S. A., 5, 15, 1880. EXCELSIOR.

As earthly mother, with undying love,

O'er sleeping babe, her tireless vigil keeps,

So, LOVE-SPHERE'S QUEEN, from her pure realm above,

Keeps watch o'er *infant Earth-world, while it sleeps*.

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11

INTRODUCTORY.

“ Kind reader,” (of whatever kind,)
We’ve tried to suit your varied mind,
In this selection from our store.
(Where we have, left, a little more.)
If you’re a bachelor, beware!
Lest “ Vivian ” shall your heart ensnare,—
And “ Twice Mistaken ” you may prove,
Ere you escape the mesh of love.
The “ Stone ” philosophers have prized,
You’ll find, in colors undisguised.
Yet, some have prized, as gems more rare,
“ The Tramp’s Appeal,” and “ Drunkard’s Prayer.”
A very *interesting* theme,
You’ll surely call the “ Usurer’s Dream.”
A poet’s license we employ,
To justify the “ Farmer Boy.”
(Don’t turn your backs, the door to slam,
On “ Epithets ” and “ Cofferdam.”)
“ The Wily Politician’s ” bow,
The “ Cypher,” and “ Who Are They Now ? ”
We’ll show among our lighter toys,
Such as the “ Little Girls ” and “ Boys.”
If for home news your spirit yearns,
You’ll take a glance at our “ Returns.”
To “ Indiana ” we will go,
To see the *race* ’twixt White and “ Lo : ”
But, ere they gain their highest speed,
They must “ Let Woman Take the Lead.”
And now we’ll list, with bated breath,
Unto the dirge of “ Starved to Death ; ”
And, while its notes are in the air,
We’ll hearken to the “ National Prayer.”
None, “ Over-Justice ” will decline,
Nor “ Seven Attributes Divine.”
For “ Crossing the Sea,” we’ll feel well paid,
If we but find “ The Waiting Maid.”
Of “ Marguerite ” we’ll think no wrong,
Nor “ Prisoner’s Dream,” nor “ Jail-Bird’s Song.”
“ Feed Ye My Sheep,” you’ll find, I ween,
Near the “ Reply to Clementine.”
With “ Wishing Riches,” “ Catching Beaux,”
Old “ Davy Crockett’s Coon-skin ” goes.
“ One More Unfortunate,” you’ll find,
Will bring two noted songs to mind.
Well, when you leave, we’re trustful that,
With smiling face, you’ll take “ The Hat.”
Since to read this you’ve consented,
You’ll admit that you’re *contented*.
And now we’ll leave you to explore,
And make our bow—

EXCELSIOR.

Composed for a lively air, at suggestion of a musician,
by the author of "The Hat," Trenton, N. J., 1878,

VIVIAN.

I met fair Vivian at the ball,
Her wavy locks full-flowing;
And chatted with her in the hall,
Her cheeks with rose-tints glowing.
But when the band began to play,
She showed a dainty gaiter,
And, as she gaily tripped away,
She said, "I'll see you later."

And now, wherever I may see
A neatly-fitting gaiter,
These startling words come back to me:
Excuse—"I'll see you later."

When next we met, 't was on the lawn;
The moon was brightly beaming;
I spoke to her of Love's sweet dawn,
And how she'd set me dreaming.
Just then the band began to *spheel*—
Again she showed her gaiter—
And, as she turned upon her heel,
She said, "I'll see you later."

And now, whenever I may hear
Of beauty, ball or gaiter,
These startling words ring in my ear:
Excuse—"I'll see you later."

Again I met her, near the door,
And gently hinted marriage.
She pointed to a coach-and-four—
That was her *husband's* carriage.
And then, again, the band began—
She showed another gaiter—
And, as she led the dancing van,
She smiled—"I'll see you later."

And now, wherever I may be,
Twixt poles and the equator,
That tantalizing smile I see—
Excuse—"I'll see you later."

TWICE MISTAKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HAT."

Air:—"Hang up the Baby's Stocking."
Or—"Sparkling Sunday Night."

Who can it be that's knocking?
I guess it must be Joe;
But my frizzes look so shocking,
To the door I cannot go.
I'll go out to the stairway,
And call for sister Lou;
And she can entertain him,
Till I get my toilet through.

Now that my toilet's finished,
I'll slyly slip down stair,
And catch them occupying,
Together, papa's chair.
It's just as I expected—
They've justified my fears—
And now I'll pounce in on them,
And soundly box their ears!

Oh, mercy! what a blunder!
I thought that it was Joe!
But I'll beg a thousand pardons,
As I see 'tis Loula's beau.
But who is this that's with him?
Ah!—well! well! well! well! well!
As sure as love is fickle,
It is our sister Bell!

Trenton, New Jersey, 2d mo., 25th, 1880.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Eureka! I have found the stone!

The youthful lover cries:

It comes, with diamond brilliancy,

To me, through maiden eyes!

It far exceeds all earthly wealth,

Nor can be bought nor sold.

It turneth baser elements

Into the finest gold.

Eureka! the fond mother cries:

I've found the precious gem!

More valued than the richest pearl

In kingly diadem!

It cometh when my gentle babe

Unto my heart I fold!

It turneth that which erst was dross,

Into the purest gold!

Eureka! cries the gray-haired sage:

I've found the pearl long sought!

It comes from the celestial realm,

By angel bearers brought!

It changeth all our base desires

Into the pure, refined:

It banisheth all worldly cares,

And bringeth peace of mind.

What is this wondrous, magic stone,

From earthly wisdom shut?

Is it the stone by prophets sung,

Out of the mountain cut?

Let men and angels join in song—

On earth, in realms above!—

And through the spheres their notes prolong—

Eureka! It is LOVE!

EXCELSIOR.

[The above poem was mailed to the New York SUN, for publication (as "a short sermon, in verse,") in its Sunday issue of March 21, 1880, in which it—*did not appear*.

ROBERT SINNICKSON, author.

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., 3d mo., 21st, 1880.]

[From "Mind and Matter," Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1880.]

THE TRAMP'S APPEAL.

AFTER THE CHRISTIAN HYMN,
"I'M A PILGRIM, AND I'M A STRANGER."

I'm a tramp, and I am weary;
I would tarry, I would tarry here to-night!
Do not deny me, for I'm a stranger;
The night's chill air is fraught with danger:
I'm a tramp, and I am weary;
I would tarry, I would tarry here to-night!

He whose cradle was a manger—
Who was once a weary tramp in Galilee—
Was full of pity for suff'ring mortals:
Will his adorers now close their portals?
I'm a tramp, and I am weary;
I would tarry, I would tarry here to-night!

"As to the least of these ye've done it,
So have ye done it also unto me."
Would ye deny him, were he, surprising
A thoughtless people, himself disguising
As a tramp, all weak and weary,
Seeking shelter as a stranger for a night?

EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S., 2d mo., 8th, 1880.

NOTE.—If this most despised class of men (of which the harlot class among women may be recognized as the counterpart)—many of whom have served their respective national governments in destructive fighting armies—were nationally organized into a productive INDUSTRIAL ARMY, their latent talents for useful pursuits (toned by "extensive travel") might be developed to an extent as surprising as were those of some of our late military chieftains in the sphere of destructiveness. That criminals have taken refuge among them, is no more to their discredit than is a like misfortune to our state and national legislatures. R. SINNICKSON, author.

[From "The Liberator," New York, Jan. 4, 1879.]

THE DRUNKARD'S PRAYER.

"GOD BLESS EVERYBODY."

Prize-fighter, preacher, drunkard, all
In one old man united,
Prone on the ground, by roadside, lay,
His face by sunbeams lighted.
By grandchild roused from dreamy state—
Produced by too much toddy—
He said, "God bless old England's Queen,
And God bless everybody!"

And when persuaded to go home
(His hat was badly dented),
He gaily said, "I am at home!"
And seemed quite well contented.
His legs were weak—his soul was strong—
The ground was rough and soddy;
And as he staggered, still he prayed,
"May God bless everybody!"

Methought, what contrast this, with those
Who make more loud professions—
By cruel laws bring countless woes,
To increase their possessions.
The veriest CHRISTIAN I have met—
Though coarsely dressed in shoddy—
Was this old, drunken Englishman,
Who prayed for everybody.

EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, N. J., 12th mo., 27th, 1878.

(From "Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly," N. Y. C., Oct. 24, 1874.)

THE USURER'S DREAM.

My father left me wealthy,
When I was very young:
Since then I have been healthy,
And jolly songs have sung.
No business cares have troubled,
Nor have my hands been soiled:
Although my wealth has doubled,
I never yet have toiled.

In dream, last night, my father came,
And stood beside my bed;
And made me blush, with very shame,
As thus he calmly said:
"What has my son produced, on earth,
To pay for what he's used?
The privilege of gentle birth,
Hath he not much abused?"

"With privileges, duties go,
Which JUSTICE will enforce.
Earth's wealth-conservators should know,
She never shuns her course.
What we produce, is ours, my boy:
All else, we hold in trust;
And cannot justly use, destroy,
Nor e'en allow to rust.

EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, N. J., 7th mo., 26th, 1874.

A BIRTH-DAY TOAST.

Here's health to the youth of twenty-one,
Whose record knows no blemished line.
May his joys increase from sun to sun,
And prove as fragrant as his wine.

[The above was given at the wine-treat of a fellow-workman, on his arrival at majority, in March, 1880, by
ROBERT SINNICKSON, author.]

THE FARMER-BOY'S JUSTIFICATION.

BY FAITH!

I've been with dad to Washington,
To see the Nation's *brain*;
But find more common sense among
The reapers of our grain.
The teacher turned me out of school,
Because I would n't larn:
But when I see such *Congressmen*,
I don't keer a darn!

The town boys call me *rusty-cuss*,
And say my fruit's too dear.
They must forget, my dad pays their'n
Fifteen per cent. a year.
They say I'm sharp at bargaining,
And do n't their rights dissarn;
But when I think of *usury*,
I do n't keer a darn!

Folks say I should be pious, too,
And go to Sunday-school;
But I would rather rest at home,
And chin with Till and Jule.
The neighbors talk, because I chase
The girls around the barn;
But I'm good as *Beecher-Tilton*,
And I do n't keer a darn!

Beauteous Sawkill! ever pour
Thy waters, with majestic roar,
Through ravines ravishingly fair,
Where men bow in spontaneous prayer.

EXCELSIOR.

Sawkill Falls, Pike Co., Pa., Sept. 29, 1875.

COFFER-DAM.

Is it any harm, teacher, to say *Coffer-dam*?
Asked a youth, with profanity pregnant.
I can see no harm in it, replied the school-ma'am,
As she busily worked at a segment.
The youth then began his narration to cite,
Of a cow which a turnip had swallowed,
Without even stopping, the morsel to bite—
As she would, if sound judgment she'd followed.

She struggled and pranced, with her eyes all aglare,
And excited my innermost pity—
(Yet, at her expense, I'm ashamed to declare,
I felt a desire to be witty).
I thought, in her effort her throat to relieve,
As she bent all her energies to it,
That from her death-sentence she'd get no reprieve,
But would *cough-her-damn* head off to do it.

CHOICE EPITHETS.

Your pardon, sir,—but, you're a liar!
You're worse than that, sir;—you're a 'squire!
You are worse than a magician!
And you, sir, are a politician!
You're a scoundrel, sir!—That's flat.
And you, sir, are a Democrat!
You're a villain! You're another!!
And you, sir, are a *mule's half-brother!!!*

If all Earth's daughters were in one,
With charms beyond the setting sun,
My arms around her I'd entwine,
And be her faithful Valentine.

A Campaign Song, for the PEOPLE, by the author of
"America's National Prayer."

THE WILY POLITICIAN.

Air:—"The Rogue's March."

The sleekest pest that doth infest
A freedom-loving nation,
Is he who draws deceptive laws,
Which waive examination.

CHORUS.

All honest work, he's sure to shirk,
While seeking for position.
He sells himself, for power and pelf—
The wily politician!

At caucus fires, he pulls the wires,
To keep his puppets moving,
Until they grant his chief desires—
His "humble servants" proving.

CHORUS:—All honest work, &c.

He legislates for towns and states,
And shackles them with *bondage*—
At four per cent., or higher rates—
For payment in *beyondage*.

CHORUS:—All honest work, &c.

Earth's mineral wealth, he gets by stealth,
Into his "ring" dominion;
And then, to justify himself,
Buys legalized "opinion."

CHORUS:—All honest work, &c.

The Indians he will rob and starve,
And drive to desperation;
Then war declare, and set his snare,
To get their rich possession.

CHORUS:—All honest work, &c.

He puts the clamps upon the tramps,
And other hungry sinners;
And plans to steal, with other scamps,
While taking champagne dinners.

CHORUS:—All honest work, &c.

Trenton, N. J., 3d mo., 5th, 1880.

From "Revolutionary Offering—Centennial, 1876."

WHO ARE THEY NOW?

BY AUTHOR OF "AMERICA'S NATIONAL PRAYER."

A loving soul, by men denied
A resting-place, was crucified,
For telling truths to pomp and pride.
Who are the CHRISTS to-day?
Self-righteous Pharisees were shocked,
To see Truth's mysteries unlocked,
And, thus, their gilded pathways blocked.
Who, now, in public, pray.

The Tories, when men's souls were tried,
Stood, cringing, by the tyrant's side,
And LIBERTY'S behests denied.
Who, now, to power, bow?
At risk of liberty and life,
The noble few began the strife,
And won the field, with glory rife.
Who are the HEROES, now?

Trenton, N. J., 10, 22, 1875.

EXCELSIOR.

Cypher Exercise, with key for solution.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
u z x v i t s r e q p n m l o k j h g f a d y c w b

Ug NODI ulv QAGFEXI, el frieh xoahgi,
So xehxnels hoalv ulv hoalv,
Fri koyih ot Rufi eg nogels tohxi,
Ulv Mihxw'g suelels shoalv.

Xilfhetasun yug Mogig' nuy—
Mul'g qagfexi haniv fri roah:
Xilfhekifun, fri nuy ot XRHEGF,
Ulv YOMUL'G NODI fri koyih.

Philfol, L. Q., 3v mo., 7fr, 1880.

ICXINGEON.

LITTLE GIRLS.

Bless the loving little girls!—
Rosy cheeks, and laughing curls;
Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,
Rivalling the starry skies.

How I love them, in their glee!
From all fashion follies free;
Free to love, and be caressed—
Free to bless, and to be blessed.

When I meet them by the way—
Sprightly, smiling, careless, gay—
I long to clasp them in my arms,
And revel in their simple charms.

Bless them for their loving smiles!
For their freedom from all guiles!
For the joy their love imparts!
Bless their loving little hearts!

Trenton, N. J., 10, 25, 1878.

EXCELSIOR.

LITTLE BOYS.

What's that racket? What's that noise?

Why, it is the little boys—

Coming home from school, you see;
And, that is why they're in such glee.

See them coming down the street,
Shouting to each boy they meet;
Banging boxes, kicking cans,
And for mischief laying plans.

Full of life, with health aglow,
They must have some fun, you know;
And, when they find no better way,
They let the *mischief-power* hold sway.

They smut their faces, soil their clothes,
And wipe their sleeves across their nose,
Tear their trousers, break their toys—
And, that's the way with little boys.

The two little songs above, were published together, in
1878, as "The Twins," by R. SINNICKSON, author.

Composed, after the author's return from a summer "vacation" at the "Stone Hotel," Pike County, Pennsylvania, 1875.

THE COBBLER'S DAUGHTER.

DEDICATED TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN TRENTON.

Air:—"Highland Mary."

Along the street, in school-girl garb,
I met a modest maiden,
Whose bright eyes told this tale to me:
With love her soul is laden.
What casket came this jewel from?
(My soul, in secret, sought her.)
They said she was a workman's child—
An humble cobbler's daughter.

Since then, her school garb she has doffed,
And donned domestic duties;
But, still, to me, she stands aloft,
The brightest 'mong the beauties.
Proud dames may deck their daughters fair,
With jewels of first water;
But, with the best, she'll well compare—
The cobbler's beauteous daughter.

Why am I talking, thus, aloud?
Perchance, some one will hear me!
And tell my secret, to the crowd,
Who might delight to jeer me.
But, what care I, for jeering jest,
If this truth can be taught her:
By her sweet smiles, I would be blest—
The cobbler's lovely daughter!

How's this?—Has *Justice* been about,
To let the guiltless prisoner out?
While he pursues the MUSE's trail,
His false accusers *lie* in jail.
And those who shouted, "Lunatic!"
Have since been "*taken—very sick—*"
Within "*Hotel de Luna's*" walls—
Transferred from *legislative halls*.

OUR SISTER'S RETURN.

Air :—“ Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee.”

Long, long were the years since she left us,
Far off, among strangers, to roam;
But now, to the land of our fathers,
She cometh, to meet us, at home.

May the blessing of Heaven rest on her,
And cheer her kind heart, as of yore,
While we gather, again, by the fireside,
And memory's pathways explore.

First, cometh our dear, sainted mother—

The foremost in memory's train—

Then father, and sisters, and brother,

To take us to childhood, again.

While we are still delving, in darkness,

Like the worm, at the roots of the flowers,

Like the butterfly, they dwell in sunlight,

Mid the fragrance of blossom-clad bowers.

And now, for a moment, we'll fancy

Our family circle complete,

Midway between earth-life and Heaven,

Where, next, as a group, we may meet.

And, when our worm-life shall be ended,

And butterfly pinions put on,

We'll gather again, and remember,

This glimpse of the morning's bright dawn.

Trenton, N. J., 11, 11, 1878.

EXCELSIOR.

The above, and “Our Brother's Return,” were published together, as “Another Pair of Twins,” in 1878.

THE IRISH IMMIGRANT GIRL'S BLESSING.

God bless the kind stranger! whose basket, and berth,
She shared with one, far from her own native hearth,
Whom parents, in “Frisco,” were waiting to meet—
Whose money was lost, who had nothing to eat!—
Escorting her, safely, o'er mountain and plain,
Until in the arms of her loved ones again!
To bless her, men only to know her need learn—
The brave heroine of “OUR SISTER'S RETURN.”

OUR BROTHER'S RETURN.

Companion song to "Our Sister's Return."

Why sits that old tramp in the parlor,
So freely conversing with all?
Why, that is our wandering brother,
Just come home, to make us a call.
I think he might dress more genteelly,
And wear a more dignified air!
But, he says he has spent all his money,
In dressing his "Twins"—the last pair.

He outfitted "The Cobbler's Daughter,"
Of "The Jocose Old Bummer" took care,
And preached a free, "National Sermon,"
And offered a "National Prayer."
His "Voice," for some years, has not sounded,
As, "Moonly," it used to, of old;
But, still, among "Printerdom's Poets,"
His favorite stories are told.

He has sojourned at "Hotel de Luna,"
And the Pike County "Stone Hotel;"
He has had some small foretaste of heaven—
A larger experience of—well,
We will not continue this subject,
But, in our conclusion, say, that,
While he sported a "Butterfly Breastpin,"
He, *bareheaded*, passed round "The Hat."

R. SINNICKSON, author and subject.
Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., 11; 12, 1878.

"HIT HIM AGAIN!—HE'S GOT NO FRIENDS."

My wife, you must not so indulge
That boy, when home, from school:
For you must see, as others know,
He is a perfect mule!
My husband, would it not be well
To rate his *father* higher?
For, if the boy's a "perfect mule,"
What must have been his sire?

INDIANA.

Exterminate the Mercy Seat!
Stern Justice calls aloud;
I am the God of Earth, to-day,
Though cold, severe, and proud.
The Mercy Seat is cast away—
Its GUARDIAN crucified—
And Despotism holds full sway,
As downward sweeps the tide.

Exterminate the red-hued yolk!
The egg's *white* part exclaims:
I am the clearer, better part,
Of what the shell contains.
The yolk is treated with disdain,
As if it were a dreg;
But, when the *hatching* season comes,
Behold! an *addled* egg.

Exterminate the Indians!
Conceited Avarice cries:
I am the foremost of the Race,
The fittest to survive.
But, on the Indian OVUM's fate,*
The Race may now depend,
For its advance in Christian grace,
Or—*ignominious end.* EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., 2, 13, 1879.

* CONTINENTAL SEXATION, for RACE-PROPAGATION—the Eastern continent being masculine, and the Western feminine, with the American Indians as the OVARIC element (the Indian Territory probably constituting the positive ovary, with its corresponding negative in South America)—I perceive, from a universal standpoint, to be in the line of DAME NATURE'S PLAN for enlarging and providing for her family—including ALL nations, races, colors and conditions, whose *root-forces* must supply the ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS, whose UNION will shoot out the *sprout* of the coming KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ON EARTH, with CHRIST as the FOCAL CENTRE. R. S., author.

Composed in 1874, and published from ocean to ocean.

LET WOMAN TAKE THE LEAD.

For ages past, the men have led,
In Church, and State, and Home,
And battle-fields have strewn with dead,
To gild Ambition's dome.
But now, the great TRANSITION comes:
Earth's slaves are being freed!
LOVE's light is kindling in our homes:
Let WOMAN take the lead.

Man's forte is *force*—centrifugal—
And to destruction tends;
But woman's, LOVE—centripetal—*
Which all life's forces blends.
The reign of Force has had its day,
And widely spread its seed:
LOVE claims the harvesters to sway,
With WOMAN in the lead.

In fields of scientific art,
Hath man achieved high fame;
And now, within the realm of HEART,
Would WOMAN gild her name.
The homeless millions of the world
Call loudly for LOVE's meed:
Let prejudice from power be hurled,
And WOMAN TAKE THE LEAD.

* The centrifugal and centripetal forces in our solar system, have their correspondence in the masculine and feminine forces in society—as also in the heroic or *justice* laws of Moses, and the attractive or LOVE laws of JESUS—which must likewise alternate in their leadership, to maintain equilibrium. The critical period of *transition* is now at hand, when WOMAN must assume her natural position of responsibility, and *generate* the “KINGDOM OF HEAVEN,” which “IS WITHIN YOU,” the *body* of the PEOPLE, where it must be *practically* set up, with MAN as its *model*, or CHRISTIANITY prove the *abortion* which its enemies have predicted.

ROBERT SINNICKSON, author. [5, 11, '80.]

STARVED TO DEATH.

In an attic, cold and dreary,
Lay a mother and her child,
Helpless, hopeless, weak and weary,
And with craving hunger wild.
Husband, father, toil-enduring,
Working hard for pittance pay—
In a week, enough procuring
For his family for a day.

Neighbors learn their sad condition,
Gather in to render aid;
Husband goes for a physician—
Cannot come, unless he's paid.
Tries another and another,
Until one consents to come,
But, too late to save the mother,
She, in Death's cold arms, is numb.

Millions spent in church-adorning—
Millions wasted, making laws;
Millions of the people mourning,
While the demon Hunger gnaws.
Oh, ye paid and trusted leaders!
Listen, while ye hold your breath:
In this land of Bible-readers,
Wives and mothers starve to death!

Trenton, N. J., 11, 28, 1877. EXCELSIOR.

NOTE.—The above poem was founded on the circumstances attending the death of Catherine Grover, "in a miserable attic," at 39, South Warren-st., Trenton, N. J., in November, 1877, as reported in the papers at the time. It has been re-published, from Massachusetts to Oregon, and received an acknowledgment from the President of the United States, to whom copies were sent, under the heading of "NATIONAL SERMON."

ROBERT SINNICKSON, author.

AMERICA'S NATIONAL PRAYER.

Air:—"Father, Dear Father, Come Home."

O, LIBERTY'S SPIRIT! return to thy home,
And dwell with us here, as of old:
Thy TEMPLE, a den of bold thieves has become,
Who barter thy treasures for gold.
Thy fire has gone out, which our fathers inspired,
And darkness encircles the land;
The people, of bearing great burdens are tired,
To support the nefarious band.

CHORUS:—Come home, come home, come home!

LIBERTY'S SPIRIT, come home.

O, list to the voice of thy child,
As it crosses the wide ocean's foam,
And answer America's National Prayer:
LIBERTY'S SPIRIT, come home.

While LABOR stands idle, and suffers for bread,
The land is locked up by the few,
Through titles acquired by old laws that are dead,
And must now be replaced by the new.
Their titles are false! for they came not from GOD,
Who, alone, can true land-titles give:
No man owns the water, the air, nor the sod—
GOD-GIVEN, that ALL MEN may live.

CHORUS:—Come home, &c.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Our Father, Mother, God!
Our Sister, Brother, God!
O, Zenith, Nadir, God!
O, CENTRAL GOD OF LOVE!
Thy HOLY WILL be done:—
Thy GLORIOUS KINGDOM come!—
LOVE blending all in one,
On Earth, as 'tis ABOVE!

SEVEN DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

Life, Action, Perception, and Knowledge—

The first four Divine Attributes—

Though taught not in man's school or college,

Are shown in the instincts of brutes.

The next three are brighter and clearer,

And come from the grand realms above.

They bring us to heaven much nearer:—

They're Wisdom, and Justice, and LOVE.*

We'll find them pervading creation,

From early, ethereal morn,

Until we behold a WHOLE NATION,

Yea, "ONE LIKE THE SON OF MAN," born.

Stern statutes will then not be needed—

Nor scramblings for power and pelf.

LOVE's gentle behests will be heeded,

And each, "a law unto himself."

In LIFE, we find bases for ACTION,

Through which our PERCEPTION is roused ;

Until, by the force of attraction,

We find ourselves gathered and housed.

Then KNOWLEDGE, our force focalizing,

Converges all powers in one ;

And, though it be somewhat surprising,

Our life-work is fairly begun.

Then WISDOM deviseth the courses,

Our principal aims to pursue,

And JUSTICE commandeth the forces,

To push all our plans safely through,

Then LOVE, with the fragrance of flowers,

Comes forward, our brows to adorn,

And heavenly blessings, in showers,

Announce—A NEW LIFE-FORCE IS BORN!

EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, New Jersey, 3d mo., 26th, 1880.

* As from RAINBOW, we'll BLEND ALL, forsooth,
And gain the pure, WHITE RAY, of TRUTH.

OVER-JUSTICE.

In giving LOVE the highest place,
'Mong Attributes Divine—
Which legal advocates have claimed
For *Justice*, in the line—
We're asked, by scientific minds,
(Enveloped in book-must,)
If we are not thus making Love,
In fact, to be *unjust*.

Our plain, unstudied answer, comes,
The simple truth to prove:
Nay, nay—it is not *under-just*;
But *over-just*, is LOVE!
While Justice' law is absolute,
Within its limits given,
No limits hath the law of Love,
On Earth:—It comes from Heaven!

The stern-faced sire would strike his son,
Because he thinks he must.
The mother's love protects her boy:—
THAT MOTHER'S OVER-JUST.
The subject is condemned to death:
He hath betrayed his trust.
His wife, his sovereign's pardon gains:—
The KING is OVER-JUST.

Though Moses knew no higher law
Than *Justice*—death for lust—
Through JESUS came the law of LOVE!
And CHRIST was OVER-JUST.
Whate'er *opinions* men may hold,
This TRUTH we'll not withdraw:
That *Justice is not*, but LOVE is,
"PERFECTION OF THE LAW."

Trenton, N. J., U. S., 3, 27, 1880.

EXCELSIOR.

LOVE'S overpowering voice e'er rings
O'er fields where FREEDOM spreads her wings!
Void of all selfish cares, she sings—
Erewhile, Earth's choicest blessing springs.

CROSSING THE SEA.

Or cross or pleasant, or in wrath,
When crossed, or, others cross,
You're sick, when crossing "Ocean's path,"
In "casting up" your loss.
Now, all aboard! and anchor weighed,
With spirits full and strong,
Your bows to all the landsmen made,
You "bow" toward Neptune's throng.

The vessel heaves, you hold the rail—
No land now heaves in view—
The sailors heave to make more sail,
While you are "heaving, too,"
The "*spirit* moves" you to prepare
(There's whiskey with your toast)
For *biblous* exercises rare,
In "giving up the *ghost*."

"The first three days, you fear you'll die;
The next three, that you won't;"
And, though affecting feeling spry,
We're very sure you don't.
When you are asked, (conundrum-like,)
Why not refill your cup,
You feel constrained to say, with "Ike,"
That you will "give it up."

As you approach toward "*Gotham's*" shade,
Your *reverence* will increase—
(Though your provision has been made
With *litter-ary grease*—)
And though your earlier prayers were said
In Limerick or Cork,
You'll note, whene'er you bow your head,
You're uttering "*New York*."

Trenton, N. J., U. S., 3, 29, 1880. EX-HELL-SEER.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a greasy dinner, out on a rolling sea,
Like a conundrum yet unsolved, and which can never be?

THE WAITING MAID.

I'm waiting, now, for Willie; for Willie, dear Willie!

I'm waiting, now, for Willie,

And hope no evil will his way betide.

The night is damp and chilly; and chilly, so chilly!

The night is damp and chilly:

I would that he were sitting by my side!

O, when will my lover come?

O, when will my lover come?

My lover come, my lonely heart to cheer?

O, when will my lover come?

O, when will my lover come?

I would that he were sitting with me here!

Perhaps he's gone with Jennie; with Jennie, fair Jennie;

Perhaps he's gone with Jennie,

And they are wandering far away from here

For she has lovers many; ah! many—so many!

For she has lovers many,

And I have seen him whispering in her ear.

Chorus:—O, when will my lover come? &c.

It may be he's with Susie; with Susie, gay Susie;

It may be he's with Susie;

I saw her passing by as if in haste.

He speaks of her when boozy; when boozy, and newsy;

He speaks of her when boozy,

And I have seen his arm around her waist.

Chorus:—O, when will my lover come? &c.

Now, there he goes, with Carrie! with Carrie, proud

Now, there he goes, with Carrie, [Carrie!

And they have just turned in the street below.

I guess that they will marry; will marry, will marry;

I guess that they will marry,

And I shall have to seek another beau.

Chorus:—O, when will *another* come? &c.

* * * * *

I wish I had another lover here!

[Published in "Hull's Crucible," Boston, after rejection by the New York Sun, to one of whose correspondents it was a reply.]

TO BROOKLYN'S BLUSHING MARGUERITE.

BY AN IMPRISONED BACHELOR.

Where is the "spirit-mate" that's "hunting 'round"
For one by gilded fortune shunned from birth?—
Whose soul with crystal love-springs doth abound—
Who ever maketh pride subserve to worth.
Can she distinguish 'twixt the chaff and wheat,—
Though chaff be garnered, and the wheat outcast?—
Distinguish 'twixt the nutshell and the meat,
Though forms be honored first, and substance last?
Can she, through prison bars, the MAN discern,
Though ragged be his garb, and rough his mien?—
The one thus worn, in which his bread to earn,
The other donned, his soul's fine chords to screen.
For such a mate, his spirit long hath sought,
Who would not change his cell for throne of king.
Would it be strange, or boon too dearly bought,
If such SOUL-MATE his prison life should bring?
Pike County Jail, Milford, Pa., July 29, 1875.

TO TOURISTS.

Lovers of NATURE, everywhere—
Who time and means may have to spare—
When weary grown of city walls,
Just make a trip to "UNION FALLS."
Niagara is known to fame,
While these have scarcely yet a name:
But when they shall be known abroad,
Men here will meet—TO WORSHIP GOD!
Through massive rocks, with dashing spray,
The crystal waters make their way,
Adown the verdured mountain side,
To meet the rising ocean tide.*

Bushkill Falls, Pike Co., Pa., 1875. EXCELSIOR.

* Poem unfinished, the author having been suddenly called to the "Stone Hotel," Milford, where he was "confined to his room."

From "Hull's Crucible," Boston, Mass., Nov. 15, 1875.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM.

While peacefully sleeping, on pillowless bed—
By malice consigned to a prisoner's cell—
Love's halo, in dreamland, around me was shed,
Arousing my bosom's emotions to swell.

A fair one, whose soul-piercing eyes had, erewhile,
Awakened my heart to responsive refrain,
Was casting upon me a love-beaming smile,
Producing a mingling of pleasure and pain:—

A pleasure, that one who so loved me was near,
And pain, that her legalized claimant was by,—
While, feigning to romp, as in social good cheer,
Her arms twined about me, our hearts beating high.

Her soft eyes were speaking, in volumes benign,
While each had, in silence, the other caressed,—
Her lips coming nearer and nearer to mine,
Until a long love-kiss between them was pressed.

The love-flower, in beauty and fragrance, was there,—
The thorn by its side, keeping guard o'er the prize,—
And only by stealth, its aroma to share,
Could lover approach it, though dressed in disguise.

Awaking, to find love-surroundings denied,
In quarters prepared by the minions of hell,
I realized, she was another man's bride,
While I was confined to a prisoner's cell.

EXCELSIOR.

Pike County Jail, Milford, Pa., July 27, 1875.

If genial employment will secure,
A joy serene, though in a prison cell,
Why should men longer misery endure?
Why not *build* HEAVEN, on the base of hell?

[Extract from a letter to Oscar H. Harpel, of Cincinnati, publisher of "Poets and Poetry of Printerdom,"—
from the Pike County jail, August 4, 1875, by R. S.]

From "Hull's Crucible," January 1st, 1876.

THE JAIL-BIRD'S SONG.

*To the Ladies of the Pic Nic, who presented him with a
Bunch of Flowers:*

Why was the man, confined in jail—
Who had refused a lady's bail—
Remembered by your festive throng?
Was it to hear the jail-bird's song?
*Caged birds, hard men to music bring,
By starving them, to make them sing!*
(How oft the world, with cold regards,
Hath treated, thus, its noblest bards!)
But WOMAN takes a different course
From that of *man*—whose forte is *force*—
And by ATTRACTION'S gentle sway,
She gains her point the better way.
Let woman *focalize* her powers,
(Like perfume in a bunch of flowers,)
And, though perverse, man's ways may seem,
By LOVE, the world *she* can redeem.
More potent, far, than prison walls,
Are her persuasive, loving calls,
To bring back wanderers to the fold,
Whence they may have been driven or toled.
Force-laws of Moses, are outgrown;
LOVE-laws, of CHRIST, must now be known:
But, ere they can be well applied,
WOMAN must *govern by man's side*.

Pike Co. Jail, Milford, Pa., Aug. 1, '75. EXCELSIOR.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Is to-day "To-morrow," mother?
Teacher told us, yesterday,
To-morrow, I and little brother
Might go to the Pic Nic play.
It was *yesterday* she asked it:
Now, "To-morrow" has gone by.
They, who have not overtasked it,
Need not for the morrow sigh.
Those who will not harbor sorrow,
Find, in *every day*, "To-morrow."

Jail-cell, Milford, Pa., July 31, 1875.

FEED YE MY SHEEP.

Air:—"Rock Me To Sleep, Mother."

Forward, move forward, ye guards of the fold;
My sheep ye are starving, while seeking for gold:
Their pastures are barren, their sufferings deep;—
Again I come Earthward, at wail of my sheep.
Their lands, ye have fenced with your parchmental sero
And thus, their life-serving supplies ye control;—
With Earth's richest viands, your tables ye heap,
While begging for crusts, at your doors, are my sheep.

Crushed to the earth, by the tasks ye impose—
Hopelessly bearing their burdens of woes—
Helpless, the wolf from their portals to keep—
Feed ye my sheep, leaders! feed ye my sheep.

Grand mansions ye rear, at the cost of the fold,
And line them, in splendor, with crimson and gold;
Fine linen and purple, your wardrobes embrace,
With costliest textures of hand-woven lace—
Produced in low hovels, through toil and through tear
Your dress, for a day, costs the labor of years;
Your households, in comfort, on downy beds sleep,
While, out in the storm-blasts, are, shivering, my shee

With "promise to pay," for the substance ye gain,
Delude ye my people, your power to retain;
Through usury, taxes, and duties, and fees,
Ye rob them, affecting necessity's pleas:
Yet, treasures, untold, in the earth lie concealed,
Awaiting your mandate, their substance to yield.
Must Justice's whirlwind awake ye from sleep?
Feed ye my sheep, leaders! feed ye my sheep.

My followers, fear not their threat'nings of hell,
With its infernal, infinite glare:

For, if ye were doomed in such region to dwell,
With loveless surroundings, and sulphurous smell
Be sure that *I'd be with you there!*
Be sure that I'D BE WITH YOU THERE!

from "Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly," N. Y. C., Feb. 28, 1874.

REPLY TO CLEMENTINE.

"The Alchemist" thou seekest, is the same—
Howe'er belied, or called by other name—
Which all thy suffering sisters most do crave,
Yet seldom find, except beyond the grave.

It is the angel LOVE, on FREEDOM'S wings—*
Clipt, in the ages past, by priests and kings,
But now, again, outcropping, with fresh powers,
To bear God's Messenger to loveless bowers.

Courage, sister! the Bridegroom swiftly comes,
To free Earth's children, and love-light their homes:
Let all, who hold the power to touch the lyre,
Prepare for influx of celestial fire.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 28, 1874.

EXCELSIOR.

from "Woodstown Register," Salem Co., N. J., June 2, 1874.

MY LOT.

Some think that poverty's a curse:
If so, some others might be worse.
The rich have cares which I have not,
And would not have, for all they've got.
With conscience clear, and soul at peace,
Why should I envy their increase?
At sunset hour, my labor's done;
Their's, at that hour, oft just begun.
Their notes, in bank, must soon be met:
Friendship's return, my only debt.
Formal receptions they must give:
Love's simple greeting I receive.
Their dreams are haunted with their cares:
Mine are all left below the stairs.
For all the pomp that wealth hath bought,
I'd not exchange my humble lot.

Trenton, N. J., 5th mo., 12th, 1874.

EXCELSIOR.

* The "Reply to Clementine" was rejected by the Trenton paper for which it was written, in which "The Alchemist" had appeared, the day preceding—upon the ground of "the amoral tendency of the first two lines of the second verse"—though the gifted authoress gracefully acknowledged the force of the "Reply," in a note to the author of this; and Trenton's most noted wit—a Jay-bird, whose more solemn songs he now chants to the "red-browed brethren" about his Home in Northern Michigan"—accounted it "beautiful." He that hath ears, let him hear."

"I WISH I WERE RICH."

I wish I were rich, cries a hard-working man,
Whom a beautiful child calls papa,
While it nestles its dear, little, sunny-curled head,
In the lap of its loving mamma.
Pray, give me your child, and my landed estates,
And my silver and gold, shall be yours.
Nay, nay! I would rather, at still lower rates,
Work harder, while Earth-life endures.

I wish I were rich, cries a brain-weary youth,
Whose old father has hoarded some wealth.
Your wish may be granted, ere long, sir, forsooth,
As your parents are failing in health.
Nay, nay! I would gladly continue to toil,
With muscle, with brain, and with will,
If I could supply the deficit of oil,
Which would keep their life-lights burning still.

I wish I were rich, cries a maid, standing near
To one who has manhood exchanged,
For wealth and position, who catches her ear:—
For your wishes I'll have all arranged.
Nay, nay! I would rather mid poverty dwell,
And woman's most prized gift retain,
Than have all the gold which your grand coffers swell,
If, for this, I must loosen the rein.*

Let ORGANIZATION, in INDUSTRY'S field,
Be conducted by NATIONAL HEAD:
Our mines and rich lands would then wealth enough
To abolish gaunt Poverty's dread. [yield
Then manhood and womanhood need not be sold,
Nor Age fear the avarice of Youth.
Then LOVE would be valued more highly than gold,
And FREEDOM bring ULTIMATE TRUTH.
Trenton, N. J., U. S., 4, 9, '80. EXCELSIOR.

* Gold is a tempter, in the time of need,
And woman's VIRTUE is her "ARAB STEED."
Who, without toil, would gain wealth in a day,
In NATURE'S course, *must have the cost to pay.*

[From the "Emporium," Trenton, N. J., Feb, 20, 1880.]

"THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN."

In youth, when my conscience was tender,
Under strict Presbyterian rule—
When Sunday joys had no defender
(Save those found in Sabbath-day school)—
While children were playing around me,
And my soul was abounding in mirth,
I wished that the Sabbath which bound me
Had never been founded on Earth.

But when I had grown somewhat older,
And reason ascended her throne—
When my flights into thought-world were bolder,
And I learned that my mind was my own—
I found the bold passage in Scripture,
From the LEADER of LIBERTY'S van,
That "Man was not made for the Sabbath,
But the Sabbath was made for man!"

I felt like an uncaged birdling,
When taking its earliest flight,
From its prison with iron girdling,
To the realms of celestial light!
And my soul opened wide her portals
To the HERO who broke the ban,
And proclaimed, to Earth's creed-bound mortals,
That "THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN!"

EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, N. J., 2d mo., 17th, 1880.

From the "Commercial," Wilmington, Del., Aug. 18, 1874;
"Poets and Poetry of Printerdom," Cincinnati, 1875.

TO CARLO, THE SURGICAL DOG.

Thou brave and faithful friend, of man or beast!
If soulless thou, this canst thou prove, at least:
So far to thee as power to serve is given,
No truer friend is found, this side of heaven!
Though Dick, thy feline friend, may dread thy kind,
And when thy comrades call, slip in behind
The door, or other secret place, to hide,
He finds his safest bed near by thy side.

Thus may not men, of polished, sleeker class,
Who dread the rough and shaggy-coated mass—
Who sometimes *growl* because they will not share
The bounties of their common Master's fare—
Among that mass find staunchest friends in need,
Who'll prove their friendship by heroic deed?
Let each, in soul of each, God's image scan,
And learn—*a dog's no better than a man!*

EXCELSIOR.

Trenton, N. J., 8th month, 1874.

Note.—The above poem was inspired by reading an article from the "Wilmington Daily Commercial," of August 1st, 1874, entitled "A Dog Surgeon;" which recounted how "Carlo," a dog, kept by Whitfield Crawford, of Wilmington, had, with his teeth, pulled a threaded needle out of the neck of a cat, which had swallowed it with some meat, which the cat and dog had been eating—they being particular friends, eating and sleeping together, the cat sleeping on the side of the dog. R. SINNICKSON, author.

Trenton New Jersey. U. S. A., 2d mo., 22d, 1880.

DAVY CROCKETT'S COON-SKIN.

As David, of old, loved women,
So, a later Dave loved fun.
(Full many a coon "came down," "at sight"
Of his never-failing gun.)
He also loved "hard cider"—
Coon-skin, his friends would treat—
(To "put away" its body,
For him was only *meat*.)

Election times were waxing warm—
Log cabin held the drink—
The coon-skin, thrown against the wall,
Was serving as a chink.
The tail, protruding through the crack,
Soon caught the hunter's eye,
Who quickly pulled the skin outside:—
The crowd, again, was dry.

The skin was on the counter thrown,
Again the drinks went round;
The *spirit* of the joke was felt:
For fun, the crowd was bound.
Three times, the same skin "stood the treat;"
And, when the trick was plain,
The laugh was on the liquor man,
Who had to treat again.

The buyer said he had been "sold"—
The sellers had been "bought"—
And Davy Crockett "skinned the field,"
Through ballot-boxes fought.
And, when the dealer, going home,
With look somewhat chagrined,
Was asked what had befallen him,
He said *he had been "skinned."*

ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., 4, 20, 1880.

Old man, why don't you mend your roof?
Can't do it, now, you see—it's raining.
Why don't you do it when it's dry?
Do n't need it, then—there's none complaining.

From "National Standard," Salem, New Jersey. 1866.

RECIPE FOR CATCHING BEAUX.

BY A BACHELOR.

Well, girls, I have something to tell you,
Which half of you will not believe.
(Perhaps, for old maids 'tis intended,
You say, as you laugh in your sleeve.)
All you who want beaux to attend you—
(At least half your number, I ween—)
Throw aside all your curls artificial,
Paints, powders—(What impudence!—spleen!—)
Cast off all *unnneeded* apparel,—
Let your bodies and minds be FREE!
And find, for both, USEFUL EMPLOYMENTS,
Whatever your stations may be.
The time you now spend in adorning,
With costly productions of art,
Devote to "INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,"—
Each mental and physical part.
The consequent bloom on your faces—
Dame Nature's, not Art's (meagre) tints—
Will bring you more beaux than your neighbor,
Who turns up her nose at these HINTS.

SALEM.

My birthplace, and ancestral home!
To thee, my heart oft fondly turns,
When, weary through the world to roam,
For peaceful rest my spirit yearns.
Thy verdured fields and singing birds—
My childhood's boon companions there—
More potent prove than written words,
To move my heart to homeful prayer.
Thy ancient namesake's royal fame,
To rival, thou mayst not aspire;
Yet, if thou shalt but earn thy name,
Thou wilt have reached position higher.

Trenton, N. J., 4th mo., 27th, 1880. EXCELSIOR.

A MATTER-O'-MONEY-AL PROPOSAL.

To "Our Sisters, and our Cousins, and our Aunts."

BY BACHELOR AUTHOR.

"We propose," to buxom widow,
Maid and matron, one and all:
(She who makes the highest bid, oh!—
May receive the earliest call:)
That each be a *wholesale buyer*,
Of our little book of song.
You will find its value higher,
Ere you've held it very long.

Each send for A HUNDRED COPIES,
At *one-half the retail price*.
(Of course, you all will ask your "poppies,"
For a matter-o'-money-al *splice*.)
Little girls and boys will retail—
Bringing in your twin returns—
Whom you will reward in detail,
Giving each one what (s)he earns.

Little efforts lead to greater,
As the rivulet to brook:
If for Fortune you're a waiter,
Seek her entry in this book.
If your aims are matter-o'-money-al,
WIT, a potent aid you'll find:
"Maiden efforts," full-ô'-fun-nial,
Most attract the *verdant mind*.

It is LEAP-YEAR! Eighteen-eighty:
This, our prospect will enhance;
And, (though we are fond of KATY,)
Yet, we will receive *advance*.
Need not fear that we'll refuse you,
Though you come to us *post-haste*.
(If we're called upon to choose you,
Mind our *matter-o'-money-al taste*.)

Where men's efforts won't succeed,
We'll "LET WOMAN TAKE THE LEAD."

From "Moonly Voice," No. 10, Salem, N. J., 1871.

HOMELESS.

SUGGESTED BY THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

Air:—"Home, Sweet Home."

How fleeting Earth's pleasures, unstable her joys!
In life's brimming measures, lurk death's dark alloys.
Yestreen were we happy, by loved ones embraced;
To-night we are homeless, by firefiend displaced.

CHORUS:—Home, home, love-lit home!
O! when will LOVE crown our NEW NATIONAL HOME?

Our children are wailing, and calling for bread;
Their former protectors are helpless or dead.
No shelter is offered, no food can be found;
All hungry and cold, must we lie on the ground.

If men, from the petty affairs of to-day,
Can not spare the time to develop a way,
For pleasures less transient, for homes more secure,
Let WOMAN arise, this great boon to assure.

Through JESUS, the germ of a HOME has been given,
By prophets foretold, called "*The Kingdom of Heaven.*"
A NATION must build it—no less power can—
This home for the millions, Earth's heaven for man.

When wars and their rumors, and earthquakes, abound,
And no place of safety by man can be found,
A VOICE, from the *clouds*, calls for WOMAN to rise,
And build up a HOME here, designed in the skies.

The millions have suffered, in poverty's strife,
While we have been blessed with the comforts of life.
But God calls to judgment presumptuous man,
Who rests thus securely, discarding God's plan.

Come, brothers and sisters, now let us unite—
Through sackcloth and ashes we're brought to the light—
And build up a HOME which no fire shall assail,
Nor poverty enter, nor misery's wail. EXCELSIOR.

[Amended by the author, Trenton, N. J., 5, 13, '80.]

From the "Free Press," Trenton, N. J., July, 1877.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

What meaneth this excitement on the street?
Why crowd they 'round the undertaker's door?
Why such sad greetings, when the syrens meet?
Is there another mystery in store?
Why stand those stately carriages in front?
Why come those humble women in the rear?
Why do both parties for fresh tidings hunt?
And why are these extremes now meeting here?

Sad drowning accident, the papers say,
Two gentlemen, with ladies by their side,
And negro driver, at the close of day,
Start out into the country, for a ride.
Stopping at country town, and wayside inn,
Refreshments they partake, and joyful seem;
Then, turning homeward, 'mid the storm-cloud's din,
Their frightened horses plunge them in the stream.

One gentleman and lady reach the shore;
The negro driver, also, saves his life;
The other two pass through Death's open door,
And leave behind, a world of social strife.
Next morning, to an undertaker's care,
Their bodies are consigned, by living friends.
Two days and nights, as equals, lay they there:
On burial day, their common pathway ends.

In rosewood casket he, plain walnut she,
Their corpses now diverge, as had their spheres;
His is received by friends of high degree,
Hers, by the lowly friends of former years.
From residence palatial, his is borne,
To grave which marble monument will mark:
Hers, from a narrow alley home, forlorn,
To corner far remote—*left in the dark.*

Their bodies thus disposed of, let us glance
Into the sphere beyond, where they have flown,
And see if we can find a clue, perchance,
By which to trace their life-force, upward grown.

As blend sap-forces of divergent roots,
In rising to the sun-lit sphere above,
So, spirit-forces blend, in heavenly shoots,
In leaving earth-life for the realm of LOVE.

Methinks I see them rising from the stream—
Each clasped within the other's arms, the while—
Awakening, as from a happy dream,
To greet each other with a loving smile.
Then, looking 'round, they see some long-lost friend—
Each recognizing his and hers of yore—
And, as their spirits, in the love-sphere, blend,
Distinctions vanish, on that heavenly shore.

She who was harlot here, is there a queen—
Transformed by LOVE's redeeming, potent wand—
And pictures which in fancy she had seen,
As realties have on her vision dawned.
He who had dragged her down, she now lifts up,
And gently leads him through LOVE's fragrant ways;
In gratitude, he quaffs the honeyed cup,
And buries all sad thoughts of former days.

Fair magdalen, from humble grave arise:
Speak for thy suffering sisters here below,
As one who rose upon the "Bridge of Sighs,"
And one upon the trampled, "Beauteous Snow."
And if no other memorizer come,
Accept this free-will offering of mine;
And, though thy former friends may all be dumb,
Be this thy monument, and this thy shrine.

Trenton, N. J., July, 1877.

EXCELSIOR.

EXTREMES MEET.

Earth's circumference is complete, when extremes of straight lines
meet.

Ocean's mist must meet the spring, equilibrium to bring.
Wealth must happiness secure, by mingling freely with the poor.
Seek your opposite of mind, pleasant converse thus to find.
Unite the wide extremes of love, to blend Earth-life with Heaven
above.

No purer love was ever seen, than that 'twixt CHRIST and MAG-
DALENE.

THE HAT.

A Crowning Seek-well to the "Moonly Voice."

Remodeled, to the (h)air of "Pat Malloy," in 1876. First published, 1873. Republished, (in mutilated form,) in Harpel's "Poets and Poetry of Printerdom," Cincinnati, Ohio, with the author's portrait, in 1875.

[is given :

Some preach with tongue, and some with pen,—each, what to each
Some point out duties here below, some point the way to heaven.
Some seemingly preach to amuse, and some, great truths to teach ;
Some preach from text-books written out, and some from Nature preach.

Some preach their audiences to sleep, in doleful tones and slow,
While others set their souls on fire, with eloquential glow.
Some, comfortable pay receive, and some, much less than that ;
While others live on charity, by passing round the hat.

Philanthropists, by practicals, of late, have been defined,
As those who their own homes neglect, while loving all mankind.
Were this not thus, whence those grand truths which through such
beings shine ?

Can he who spends his time for self, give all to the Divine ?
While thoughtless thousands hoarded wealth, or sported pompous
Burns lived in squalid misery—in alms-house Homer died. [pride
Those might have spared themselves disgrace, and these rejoiced
If some cotemporary scribes had passed around the hat. [thereat,
For, one far greater yet than they, who preached for love of right,
Recipient was of charity, nor scorned "the widow's mite."
(We also think the widows *might*—well, might do what they can,
To aid the cause of progress, and—befriend a lonely man,—
By contribution to THE HAT, donation, or bequest ;
And some, who have such cozy homes, supply a place of rest.
And, should themselves or daughters cause our heart to pit-a-pat,
As oftentimes it has done before, we'd grieve to take our hat.)

Magnetic power comes through the mites contributed in love,
And thus the teachers of the race, through love the masses move.
The trees which gain most substance thro' the tiny, fibrous roots,
Are thus enabled to return to earth most ripened fruits.
We lack financial skill to gain the means our thoughts to spread,
And hence we pass THE HAT around, (uncovering our head.)
Yet, we would fare but slimly still, if those whom we've addressed
Should prove as callous-hearted as an audience "out west."

There, when a poor itinerant his chapeau passed around,
It came back to him empty ; yet, his thanks were most profound.
And, when they asked him why he thanked, for treatment such as
He said he felt so thankful there, for *getting back his hat*. [that,
But we've a different audience—we have some faith in that ;
Now, therefore—"Brother Editor, please pass around THE HAT."
And, while THE HAT is passing round, trite custom we will use,
And "tell a little anecdote," our audience to amuse :

A wealthy, miser member, held a front seat in the church,
And punctually attended there, for gospel truths in search.
Forgetful of the bounty which kind Providence had lent,
Whene'er the plate was passed around, he slyly gave *one cent*.
One day, mischievous deacon, as the miser dropped his cent,
Just slipped the plate from under it, and on the floor it went.
As down the aisle, on bare board floor, the big, round copper roll'd,
With all eyes turned on it and him, the miser wished 'twas gold.

So, all who baser coin dispense, whom golden gifts are given,
May have a corresponding wish—before they enter heaven.
Time's revolutionary wheel, in turning round and round,
Oft gives its topmost occupants a place next to the ground ;
And those who now are crushed beneath the wheel which knows no
May find themselves, in next decade, in place about the top ; [stop,
While those who now in scorn look down upon misfortune's brat,
When on the downward grade themselves, may humbly lift the hat.
Now, those who their respect would show, for one devoid of shift,
May have an opportunity to give THE HAT "*a lift*."
When each thing finds its proper place, in NATIONAL renown,
THE HAT (presumptuous ass-pirant !—) may *rise above the crown*.
Things now seem to be wrong end up—producers poorly fed—
And while THE HAT is at the *foot*, the *leather's* at the *head*.*
But, in CENTENNIAL "*latter days*," the PEOPLE may define
THE HAT, (now in the mire,) to be a CAPUT-AL design.

* When THE HAT was modeled, U. S Grant was President of the
United States, and Mr. Wilson Vice President—the one having
been a leather-tanner by trade, and the other a shoemaker.

Little bug, with bosom red, welcome to my old wood-shed—
If you will vacate my bed.
If you're not a robin now, you've been a *robbin'* (me) I trow,
Perchance, some "*big bug*" to end—*ow* !—

A maid, assuming NUTT for name—
In male attire, by street-boys tracked—
Evoked remark, from witty dame :—
It seems to me, that Nutt is *cracked*.

THE BUTT-END OF A JOKE.

(How much more we enjoy a joke, when not at our expense !)
You may smile or ha ! ha ! at a witty old saw,
As you get a *fifth-ribical* poke ;
But—'tis a very hard task, and too much to ask,
To enjoy the *butt-end* of a joke.
You may laugh at a friend, at a he-goat's *butt-end*,
As he holds the mad beast by the horns ;
But—you'll wofully dance, if his *backward advance*
Shall but lead him to step on your corns.

THE (BUTT) END OF THIS BOOK.

"O, when will *another* come ?"

THE COMING BOOK.

Hold your dimes! for I am coming, mirth-provoking still!
If you don't, you'll surely rue it: yes, you will—you will!

"EXCELSIOR SONGS AND POEMS"—thirty-two pages of original matter, postal card size, (all for one dime!!!) may be expected to appear in June, 1880.

The author trusts (as he has been trusted) that this little book (a bachelor's "maiden effort") will be a big success—its price bringing it within the reach of even preachers and editors. (We will here state, however, that editors who will send the author marked copies of their periodicals, containing this page, and one column of editorial comment, will be entitled to a copy of the book, "*free!*"—and preachers will receive it at one-half the retail price—*by the hundred*. See title page.)

Extreme orders—for less than one copy, or more than ten thousand—may be sent to the author, direct. Other orders should be sent to Messrs. Alpaugh & Thompson, No. 33 West State-street, Trenton, New Jersey, (U. S. A.,) who have kindly permitted us to use their establishment as a place of publication (our "hall" being too small).

We must confess to some ambitious designs in publishing this little book; and, though they do not extend to the purchase of the Presidency of the United States, this fall, (what a *fall*, my countrymen!) they do extend to—the purchase of a *suit of new clothes*, for our "summer vacation" (probably in Pike County, Pennsylvania).

After seven years of isolation from the world-editorial, we shall take pleasure in reviving our "exchange" of courtesies with our old friends with whom we were wont to commune through the "MOONLY VOICE"—which is "not dead, but sleeping,"—awaiting some wilful woman to awaken it into a new world of life and action, for the common weal of her common sisterhood; and, through them, for the weal of the world at large, which is waiting for them to lead it into HIGHER conditions than man's leadership is capable of generating—*his force being spent*.

With earnest hope for HUMANITY'S upward progress, and our kind regards alike to friends and "foes," (who are *somebody's friends*,) we offer our adieus.

ROBERT SINNICKSON, Author.

TRENTON, New Jersey, U. S. A., 5th mo., 9th, 1880.

"EXCELSIOR SONGS AND POEMS."

Pleading a poet's license, and with "honored custom" of periodical publishers for our example, (this being our first half-centennial songster,) we will offer a few complimentary notes, to assist our editorial and clerical friends in preparing their more extended encomiums:

Rev. Hiram Wade Bleacher.—I would commend this book to religious dyspeptics, as an unfailing remedy.

Woman's Weapon.—Every woman should carry a copy with her,—in which she will find an exhaustless store of ammunition for battling the trowsered lords of creation.

Commentator.—The author's liberality to editors and preachers, is stupendous. See "THE COMING BOOK."

Mercantile Mouthpiece.—A dollar's worth of first class reading for ten cents. Cover alone worth price of book.

Laconic Lawyer.—Brief, pointed, documentary.

Chronologicalibus.—This poetical periodical should be regularly filed. The next issue will be due in 1930.

Critic's Crucible.—We perceive that the author pays in advance—his compliments to the critics.

Widow's Whisper.—We rather admire the style of the author's "HAT," but must await a closer acquaintance, before we can pronounce upon his issue.

Funfinder.—The author is worse than Mark Twain,—almost as bad as Josh Billings.

Jokist.—The cream of the author's jokes may be found in the fine, third points, concealed in or protruding thro' the *cracks* thereof.

Pugnasticus.—His titular critic-ism is as pugnacious as the butt-end of a goat.

Peerless Punster.—His pun-ishment of the language is capital; yet, he professes to oppose capital punishment.

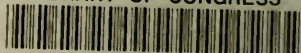
London Listener.—Our transatlantic cousin's deep-sea soundings of truths universal, are super-Spencerean.

Berlin Budget.—He announces some new ideas, which will challenge the attention of our wisest philosophers.

Paris Pithy-Man.—In "Crossing the Sea," the author *punishes* the English language more severely than some of our French brethren do in crossing the Channel.

Rev. Mr. Splurgeon.—The author's views of religious matters are unique—placing CHRIST as a *root-focus*, for *uniting essential forces* for Kingdom of Heaven *sprouting*.

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